

A Galaxy of Magic

Chapter 4

Harry woke up with a familiar weight on his chest that he hadn't felt since he left Earth. Having spent his fair share of time with women, he knew what it was like to wake up with one draped across his chest. It was something he quite liked. Aayla's body was warm and soft, and her gentle breathing was soothing. The side of her head was resting on his chest, and one of her thin arms was lying across his stomach. One of her thighs covered one of his, and her knee was resting between his legs. Harry's hand was on her lower back, and he could feel nothing but soft, smooth skin.

He blinked away the sleepiness and yawned. Aayla whined in her sleep and rubbed the side of her face against his chest before her breathing steadied. Without thinking, Harry lightly ran his short fingernails up and down the length of her spine. This resulted in Aayla hugging him harder and making a "mmm" noise. Realizing what he was doing, Harry stopped and rested his hand on her waist, waking her up. Aayla yawned and rubbed her face against him again. "Keep going ... It felt good," she said tiredly.

His hand moved to her back, and he ran his fingernails over her skin again. As he was doing it, he felt the raised areas on her skin where the shots had hit her. He caressed the areas and found they weren't as soft or smooth as the rest of her skin. "How does it look?" her voice startled him.

"Pardon?" he asked.

"The scars on my back," she answered. "After healing me, you obviously saw them. Do they look bad?" she asked, her warm breath washing over his chest.

"I've seen much worse. Yours aren't that bad," he truthfully told her. "It's just a little bit of scar tissue." Aayla remained quiet and still. From experience, Harry knew that girls could get very touchy about anything that could potentially damage or ruin their physical beauty. Fleur once had a meltdown about tripping over Bill's boots that he had left on the floor. It resulted in her having a skinned knee and Bill having to spend the night on the couch. Aayla's was a little more severe than a simple skinned knee.

Harry slid his hand further up her back and noticed that the shirt she slept in was hiked halfway up her spine, which meant that everything down below was completely uncovered. Harry immediately closed his eyes and used his Occlumency skills to try and ward off the erection that was threatening to pop up. After a few seconds of concentration, he felt he had a grip on the situation. He rubbed her back in an attempt to make her feel better. "I can help with it if you want," he told her.

Aayla tilted her head and looked at him. Her hazel eyes were big and bright despite her apparent sleepiness. "You can remove the scars?" she asked hopefully. Harry nodded slowly.

"I can, but not all at once. It's a slow process that takes daily treatments. Depending on how deep the scars go, it could take days or even months. Yours went down to the bone, but luckily, they were on your back where there's only a thin layer of muscle and tissue. Still, it would likely take several weeks to completely remove them," Harry explained. "Is that something you would be interested in? I don't know if you have somewhere else you need to be or ..."

Aayla had been thinking about it. The clones wouldn't have turned on her on their own. They had to have received orders from the Republic, and those orders could have only come from the top. For some reason, the Chancellor had turned against the Jedi when they were least expecting it, and she had no idea why it had happened. The Jedi had taken a massive hit ... She knew that much. The Force was still reverberating from the betrayal. How bad it truly was was a question that needed to be answered. One thing was certain. Aayla had to be careful and keep a low profile. The Republic would be looking for her, and that wasn't even considering that a powerful force user was actively looking for Jedi through the Force. Aayla needed to keep her head down and look for answers. She looked at Harry again before closing her eyes. His fingers felt really good as they trailed down her spine to the lowest point of her back. Right before he reached the crack of her bottom, his fingers slid back up and gently racked her side. She had to stop herself from moaning.

It would be great if she didn't have to go at this alone. Harry was obviously skilled with what he called "magic", and he would be useful as an ally going forward. The fact that he was willing to stay with her long enough to heal her scars made her feel less burdened. He seemed more than willing to stay by her side for weeks or even months, as he had put it, which made her feel oddly happy. She responded by squeezing him tighter.

Hearing that he could heal her scars was a pleasant surprise. As a Jedi Master, she knew she shouldn't be so vain, but she just couldn't help it. Having wicked scars marring her otherwise smooth skin had been in the back of her mind since waking up. As a child, it had been ingrained in her that her physical beauty was the most important thing. That kind of brainwashing was nearly impossible to get rid of completely. Her beauty also came in quite handy from time to time. Thanks to her beauty and sensuality, she couldn't count the number of times she had gotten into places during missions that she otherwise wouldn't have. Now, that had been taken away, if only partially, by her treacherous clones and the Republic.

Harry didn't seem to mind. He continued to play with her skin and even lightly massaged the areas around her healed wounds. Her back still ached, and his touches felt good as they worked out the soreness.

"I would like you to heal them, please," she told him. "As far as me needing to be somewhere, there are questions that I need answers to, and I can't find them here on Felucia. I need to know

who ordered my clones to betray me and why. I also need to discover what happened to the rest of the Jedi. I would like it if you joined me on my quest,” she told him.

“I have no plans, so yes, I’ll join you. It’s been a while since I had an adventure,” he responded as his fingers almost brushed against the topmost portion of her backside. Aayla smiled happily at his answer. “I was wondering why your men would attack you so coldly.”

“It must have been ordered from the Chancellor himself. No one else has that kind of authority. It appears the Republic has turned against the Jedi,” she explained.

“What’s the Jedi?” Harry asked her. This caught her off guard. Most people had at least heard of the Jedi. Aayla groaned and sat up in bed. The muscles in her back were stiff.

“I’ll explain it to you, but we need to get up. The sooner we get off this planet, the better,” she said, pulling the blanket from her lap. Aayla pulled down the bottom of her shirt to cover herself and stood up. Harry nodded and got out of bed. Harry supplied her with a new set of toiletries and waited for his turn in the bathroom. Once they were all done, Aayla returned to her datapad while Harry fixed breakfast.

“So the Jedi are peacekeepers with mystical powers?” Harry asked over the sizzling of bacon.

“Not mystical,” Aayla corrected him while plucking away on her pad. “The Force can be quantified. All Force-Sensitive individuals have midichlorians, which are microscopic lifeforms, in their blood. They allow us to harness the power of the Force. Those with higher levels of midichlorians are more powerful in the Force.”

“Huh ... That’s strange,” Harry simply said, scooping the cooked bacon out of the pan and setting it on a paper towel-covered plate. He then halved the food and set Aayla’s plate in front of her. She put the datapad down and began eating.

“You probably have midichlorians as well. A high number based on your skill level,” she said, testing the crispy bacon.

Harry thought about it for a moment and shook his head. “Unlikely. I’ve never had my powers warn me of danger, and believe me, I could have used it. My powers just let me bumble into danger time and time again.”

Aayla giggled at the thought. “Who knows? The galaxy is full of surprises. When we return to civilized society, I can test your blood. Where are you from?” she asked, trying the scrambled eggs.

Harry froze for a second, wondering if he should lie or tell her the truth. In the end, he decided to tell her the truth. It wouldn’t be a big deal if she didn’t believe him. So, Harry began telling her his story. He told her a quick summary of his time at Hogwarts and the years after. He then told

her about the ritual that brought him here. He even pulled out his photo album and showed her pictures of him over the years. He showed her his friends and pictures of all the countries he had visited. When he finished, he wasn't sure if she believed him or not. She had a raised eyebrow, indicating a healthy portion of skepticism.

"You're over two hundred years old?" she asked him. Harry blushed slightly and nodded.

"I know it sounds strange," he told her.

"Not as strange as you might think. Our Jedi Grandmaster Yoda is nearly nine hundred years old," she replied. Harry's eyes went wide.

"Nine hundred?" he whistled in appreciation.

"Your story sounds unbelievable, but everything points to it being true. You sometimes use strange words, and this tent is decorated in a way that I've never seen. You use technology that seems ancient to me," she said, pointing at the stove. "But most of all, you have no reason to lie."

Harry smiled and nodded in appreciation. "So, how did you learn Galactic Basic?" she asked him.

He told her about the language transfer he performed while she was still unconscious. To prove it, Harry spoke to her in Huttese and then Twi'leki. Aayla was very surprised.

"Your pronunciation is terrible, but I'm impressed," she answered him in her native language. "I can teach you how to speak all three languages better. Knowing Huttese will definitely come in handy if we have to visit the Outer Rim."

She then asked him about his native language, so he began speaking English for her before explaining that Earth had hundreds of languages. Eventually, she needed a break from the datapad, and Harry suggested that they take stock of all the stuff he had stolen from the clone base.

"See these markings here?" Aayla said as she looked over the massive pile of crates. "These are medical supplies," she told him, removing the top of one crate. There was a hiss, and cold vapor began leaking from the opening. She reached in and pulled out a glass tube. "This crate is full of vaccines. Felucia is home to several diseases that can't be contracted anywhere else in the galaxy. I received half a dozen injections before being sent here. If there's an injector in one of these boxes, I can inoculate you."

Harry waved it away. "I don't get sick, remember?"

Aayla rolled her eyes. "Yes, but that doesn't mean you're immune to everything. All it takes is one of these backwater diseases to lay you out for good." Harry chuckled and shook his head.

"I'm serious. I've been alive for over two hundred years, and since my maturity, I haven't been sick once ... not even a sniffle."

"Still ... It would make me feel better. You know ... just in case?" she said, turning her big, pretty eyes on him. Harry sighed.

"If there's an injector in this mess, then fine. I'll let you do it," he conceded. Aayla smiled happily and rubbed his head, making his hair even messier.

"Good boy," she said before laughing at the way his hair stood up in every direction. Harry flattened it down as best as he could.

They continued going through the crates, finding various things that could be useful in the future. Harry was particularly interested in the weapons crates.

"Jedi rarely use blasters, but we could always sell or trade them," Aayla said, holding up a rifle similar to the ones that had been turned against her. There were several crates of them. As much as Harry wanted to use one, he didn't want to carry that big, heavy thing around all the time. He was, however, excited to see smaller versions of them. He picked one up and examined it.

"That's a DC-17 Hand Blaster," Aayla filled him in. "It's a heavy blaster pistol that packs a lot of power for its compact size. It can easily punch a hole through a droid."

Harry turned it and examined it from every angle. "How do you reload it?" he asked her.

"It uses both a gas cartridge and a power cell. Usually, the power cell runs dry first, but it's smart to keep extras of each on you. If you'd like to keep it, I can ..." she said, turning, only to find him tightening the belt holster around his waist. She huffed but couldn't stop her lips from stretching into a smile. 'All men are the same,' she told herself, shaking her head.

"What were you saying?" he asked, stuffing the blaster pistol into the holster.

"I was saying I can instruct you how to use it properly. I'm not an expert, but I know enough to give you some tips and general safety instructions," she offered. Harry smiled and nodded.

"That sounds good," he said while facing away from her to practice his quick draw. Aayla rolled her eyes and dug into the crate, pulling out the cells and cartridges.

"This is the gas canister," she said, showing him. "They fit into the loops on this side of the belt," she instructed, stuffing one into a loop. "These are the power cells. They go on the other side. See?" she said, putting it into a loop on the other side of the belt.

"That's brilliant," Harry said happily and began filling up the loops with his reloads. Aayla ignored his boyish antics and went back to cataloging the loot.

"These are rations," she said, pulling out a stack of packets. "They're not particularly flavorful but loaded with vitamins and nutrients. They have long shelf lives, so it's good to have them in stock."

"I have enough food to last us years," Harry said, joining her. "Maybe we can sell them. Are they worth anything?"

"Individually, they're fairly inexpensive, but you have a large supply. Selling them in the Outer Rim would be preferable. You'd get a higher price for them out there. I would recommend keeping some and selling the rest. Selling three-quarters of the stock would get you a decent amount of credits," she said, counting the number of crates marked "Rations".

Harry quickly deduced that credits were the currency they used. "That's good. I had to leave my wealth behind when I left. Everything I own is in my tent," he told her.

"I'm in the same ship as you," she said. "The Jedi Code forbids us from keeping personal possessions, though we could use the Jedi accounts when we needed to purchase things during our missions. If the Republic truly has betrayed us, those accounts will have been seized. Even if they haven't, using them would be too dangerous for me right now," she explained.

"So, gaining credits is a high priority?" he asked her. Aayla looked at him and nodded.

"Yes. At least enough to pay for our basic needs," she responded.

"I'll keep that in mind," he said, looking through the crates. He noticed Aayla sweating and pulled out his canteen. "Here you go," he said, handing it to her. "It's enchanted to never run out of water. It's nice and cold."

Aayla took the canteen and opened the top. She then poured some out on her palm to test it. "It's really cold," she said happily. She put it to her lips and drank deeply from it. She then wiped her mouth and made a satisfied noise. She then surprised him by pouring some directly over her head. She shuddered as the icy cold water rolled down her back and chest. Harry had a difficult time not staring at her wet chest. Handing it back to him, Harry gulped some down and poured some water over his head as well. After screwing the cap back on, Harry placed a Cooling Charm over the both of them. He explained to her what a Cooling Charm was, and she couldn't deny the results. "Your powers are very helpful," she complimented him with a smile.

After a few more hours of going through the crates, they had had enough of the heat and returned to the tent. Aayla went back to her datapad while Harry prepared lunch. The day continued with them chatting and sharing stories of their various adventures. At the end of the day, Harry showered and waited for Aayla to do the same. She came out of the shower wearing the same shirt he had conjured the night before. He couldn't help but notice that her nipples were very hard, though he refrained from looking too hard. Aayla didn't seem to mind and did nothing to hide them. Harry cleared his throat.

"Would you like to start the treatment to clear up those scars?" he asked her. Aayla perked right up and nodded.

"Yes, please. The sooner I can rid myself of them, the better. I don't like being reminded of my betrayal every time I look in the mirror," she said thoughtfully. Harry hadn't thought of it like that, but it made sense.

"Okay. Let's go to the room so you can be comfortable," he said, leading her into the bedroom. Harry's face heated up when he thought of something.

"You need to have your back exposed. I can conjure you some shorts or ..." he began, but Aayla silenced him by grabbing the bottom of her long shirt and lifting it over her head. She pulled it off her lekku and let it drop to the ground. Her back was to him, so the only thing he saw was her nude bottom. When she crawled onto the bed, he caught a brief flash of her smooth, hairless lips pressed tightly together before she lay flat on her belly. She crossed her forearms and rested the side of her head on them. Harry couldn't deny that Aayla had a very sexy ass. Her waist was slim, and her hips were wide, giving her an hourglass figure that men dreamed of.

Harry sat on the bed beside her. He avoided looking at her naked bottom, though he badly wanted to. Aayla was a very sexy woman, after all. Her teardrop bottom was practically beckoning him to look. Harry inhaled slowly and exhaled loudly before pouring a viscous liquid over each circular scar. The liquid slowly poured out of the bottle, as thick as honey. Once a dollop was on each scar, Harry capped the bottle and set it aside. Aayla gasped loudly, looking over her shoulder. "It's freezing cold!" she complained.

Harry chuckled at her misfortune. "That's the way it is. No matter how much you try to heat it, it will remain ice cold. Don't be surprised if the area goes numb from the cold," he warned her. Aayla huffed and placed her head back down on her forearms.

He used his finger to smear the liquid over the entirety of her scars, trying to avoid getting it on her unscarred skin. Aayla shivered as her body grew colder. "This is a topical, regenerative potion that's mildly acidic. It will slowly dissolve the scar tissue and grow new, unblemished skin in its place," he explained. "I have to slowly push my magic into the potion to activate it and keep it working."

"Is it painful?" she asked. Aayla didn't care if it was. She would still agree to let him fix her back. She just wanted to know so she could prepare.

"I've never had it used on me, but from what I know, it shouldn't be bad. I think it will be a little itchy, though," he said.

"Okay ... Let's do it," she stated confidently. Harry nodded and got to work.

A Galaxy of Magic

It was over an hour before Harry called it quits. It wasn't good to do too much, too quickly. Otherwise, it would end up making the scars worse.

"We're done?" she asked, turning her head to look at him. Harry nodded and wiped the potion from her back.

"For tonight. We'll need to keep doing it every night until you're satisfied with the results. Let me wipe down the spots with a neutralizing potion," he said. Harry pulled out a clean rag and poured some neutralizer on it. He then wiped down the scars and the areas around them.

"How does it look? Any better?" she asked hopefully. Harry chuckled in response.

"Not after one treatment. There probably won't be any visual changes until at least a week," he told her. Aayla sighed.

"Fine. I suppose I can be patient," she said, getting out of bed and stretching. Harry had to quickly look away to protect her decency from his prying eyes. Aayla found this funny. She laughed as she left the room, leaving her shirt on the floor. Harry shook his head.

'This woman will be the death of me,' he told himself as he put away his supplies, removed his pajama pants, and climbed into bed. His lower back was aching from having to hunch over for so long. He groaned as he pulled the blanket over his waist. He arched his back and stretched it out just as Aayla returned to the bedroom. She didn't ask if it was okay if she slept in his bed again. She just strolled up to the bed with her perky breasts bouncing and slipped under the covers. Like the night before, she pressed against his side and rested her head on his chest. This time, Harry couldn't keep from getting stiff. Her hard nipples rubbed against his skin, and she gently stroked his stomach. She shivered and pressed in tighter.

"Are you okay?" he asked, slipping his arm behind her neck. Aayla nodded against him.

"That stuff you used made my body very cold," she said, shivering again.

Harry rubbed her back and waved his free hand. The lights turned off, plunging them into darkness. They stayed up and talked for a while until Aayla began to snore lightly. Harry silently

chuckled, which made his chest rumble. Aayla whined over the sudden movement and squeezed him tighter. He rested his hand on her hip and fell asleep soon after.